Roxbury, Feb. 20, 1877.

My dear Fanny:

Your letter of yesterday is receiv giving pleasure to your little daughter as well as to myself. I enclose two that she has just written — one for papa, and the other for "dear little Oswald." She bids fair to take to letter-writing with the facility and success of her beloved mamma. She spells her words with creditable accuracy as a rule, though making a slip occasionally; and she will gradually improve in her penmanship, which has the merit at least of being very legible. To-day she stands at the head of her class. I hardly thought she would go so readily to school, and it serves to change the deep quietude of our household. Besides, the daily companionship of her more advanced cousin Agnes adds much to her enjoyment. They are

P.S. Madame Essipoff is coming to Boston the first week in March. I trust she will receive a more generous patronage than when she came first.

certainly much attached to each other, and in whatever they undertake there is perfect agreement. I hope you will not be in a hurry for the return of Helen, though I know how strong is your maternal feeling. Miss Southwick is quite interested in her, thinks she is a very promising child, and wishes you to believe it will give her very great pleasure to do all in her power to make Helen happy.

To-morrow evening I have invited Mr. and Mrs. Thaxter, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. Swasey to take tea and spend the evening with us, with William, Ellie, and Mary Randall. We can have no music, of course, but we shall doubtless have a good social time. John Ritchie is not to return till next September.

Mrs. Howe has returned from her Western trip, lecturing in many places, and going all alone as far as St. Paul, Minnesota. Her experiences were unique, interesting, and enjoyable.

Yesterday afternoon Edward Atkinson gave an interesting discourse, at the Women's Club, on the growth and manufacture of cotton, in connection with the labor question; showing some of the finest specimens of cotton manufacture that have yet been achieved by the human brain and hand, and mechanical forces.

Edward Fox, the young lawyer of Portland, (a nephew of Mrs. Sewall,) passed through Boston, a few days since, on his way to Florida for his health. He got as far as Charleston, S. C., when he broke down, and a telegram was sent to his wife that he was rapidly sinking—(very much like the case of Horace Cheney.) She, accompanied by his father, has gone on to administer what consolation is possible in such a trying case. His disease is said to be connected with the liver. He was Sarah Southwick's lawyer in the law-suit pending between herself and her mulish uncle Morrill.

Other things being equal, I had rather see my English and Scottish friends than go to California. But you know my abhorrence of a sea voyage. It will be a powerful inducement to me (and doubtless to Frank) to go to California, in case I can have you and Harry and the children along with me. I am told the summer is not a favorable time to be in that climate. What time will Harry probably leave New York, in case he turns his face to California?

Frank thinks the trip will prove considerably more expensive than to England, as we should be likely to receive generous hospitality in the latter among our many friends. That is an item that must be considered.

William and Ellie returned from Auburn yesterday forenoon.

Your loving Father.